

in giving expression to one of his last desires, did I leave this spot without repeating those words to you. I certainly did not think that the duty would come so soon, nor did I think it would "be for me to lend my humble voice to my master in order to remind the multitude around me of the humble yet magnificent device of his whole life : ' Let us work!'"

Only discreet marks of approval had attended M. Ch. au-
mi&B speech. Now, however, for the first time in the day's proceedings, a burst of applause rang out. But M. Hermant had quitted the tribune, and in his place appeared M. Anatole France, who came to bid Zola farewell on behalf of all his friends. M. Prance had testified for him at the Paris Assizes, he had supported the cause of truth and justice from the outset, and moreover, now that Zola was gone, his own eminent position in literature seemed all the greater. Thus, from every standpoint, it was well that he should have been selected to say the last words. He spoke as follows:

" Gentlemen, — In rendering to Simile Zola on behalf of his friends the honours which are due to him I will say nothing of my grief and, theirs. Those who leave great names should not be celebrated by lamentations, but by manly praise and a sincere picturing of their life and work. The literary work of Zola was immense, . . . When one saw that work arising, stone by stone, its immensity caused surprise. Some admired, some were astonished, some praised, some blamed it.

Praise and blame were bestowed with equal vehemence. The great writer was occasionally assailed— I know it by my own example — with reproaches which were sincere and yet unjust. Invectives and apologies intermingled, and still and ever the work grew. Now that one can contemplate the whole of its colossal structure the spirit pervading it may also be discerned. It was a spirit of kindness. Zola had